he Tragedy of Othello.

Othello that wert ~~once~~ for goods
in the practice of a damned slave
hondle bee guide to thee

ny thing an honorable murtherer if
ill. for nought did I in hate but all
our

vech hath parte confect his villany did
and her congente in Cassio's death

Generale I did never give you cause
beleve it and I aske you pardon
u not I pray demande that I my dony
why hee hath thus ensnared my soulder an

d moe nothing what you know you know
his time forwards I never will speake
not to way
ts wile ope ~~his~~ youre lipps
thon doste beste.

u shale understeave what hat hi befale
w lire as I thinke you know not heers
ow ffounde in the pocket of ye slaine
go and. heere another, the one of thos
ts the death of Cassio to bee bu
ll Roderigo;

the

Othel O Villaine,
Cassio Moste ho
Lod Now heers
in his poc
mente t
but that
came in
Othel Othe po
Cassio by
Cass I founde
confect i
dropt it
to his de
Othel O foole ff
Cassio ~~Thar~~ is b
upbraidd
upon the
trust and
long: soon
Lod You must fo
your power
robbd in Ca
if thou b
tormont